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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Youth Renewed.

"I wish I were a boy again!"
So sighed a man o'erlooked;
And fate was at his elbow then
And granted what he asked.
Reduced again to boyhood's size,
He found himself once more
The aspirant for many a prize
That he had lost before.
His schoolmates all around him pressed,
And work and play went on,
But still he felt his youthful zest
For toil or sport was gone.
The lessons that were easy once
Were now more hardy done;
He felt himself the very dunc
That he had called his son!
The blunders that he made of old
He now avoids at will;
But others, graver, deadlier,
Their ties about him still.
The lads around look on and quiz
This Solon gone to school—
They think that all his caution is
The wisdom of a fool!
Things are not always what they seem;
And when the man awoke
From what was but a fevered dream
To altered tones he spoke:
"Life's rule is easily understood—
We may not live again—
But boyhood's days for boys are good,
And manhood's days for men."

STORY TELLER.

A Thousand to Five.

If you take a sharp turn to the right midway on the Italy road between the city of Oxon and Littlemore Asylum, a beautiful green lane will bring you to the locks and the narrow foot-bridge, which, for convenience, is placed across the flood-gates, that you may pass to the opposite bank of the Thames. The antique city still lies to your right. The bank on which you stand has a wide foot-path, which narrows as you recede from the city. Here the river deepens slightly, while a few yards further on the stream flows through rank though not unpicturesque weeds, and water flowers spring up to greet the eye. It was the day after the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. At the former university things were usually quiet, though the crews were far from discouraged. At the latter there was high glee. After many successive years of struggling and defeat Cambridge had once more won the day. Yet a few earnest cockswains and trainers might be seen in busy conversation at the various newly painted and gilded boat houses, and not a few canoes and gigs had demanded the opening of the locks that morning. Still, the marked excitement and bustle of the three preceding days had now all but died away. "Yes, Jack, this was the bet." "Frightful odds, wasn't it?" chimed in Bently Knoll. "But say, old fellow, do tell us that tale," pursued the first speaker, a stalwart among the three young crack oarsmen of the first Oxford. He addressed Paul Clifton. They were seated with elbows on knees and half reclined over the rail of a Magdalen college boat house. All were attired in loose blouse, sleeves tucked up, white boating trousers, and canvas shoes. Paul Clifton, or "Captain Cliff," as his companions sometimes called him, was the oldest fellow in Jesus College. With a forehead largely intellectual, though pinched in face and slightly stooped, he was deemed the largest-hearted fellow in all Oxfordshire. "I'm a whale if you fellows don't bore a man," was the reply, accompanied by the best natured of grins. "But say, Cliff, we chaps never heard that story, and, then, you tell it so well." A slap between the shoulders, and Paul coughed. All laughed heartily and the old scholar began: "Well, my lads, you must know that Maude Cavellers, as we called her, was in her own right one of the noblest, wealthiest, prettiest and proudest ladies in all Oxton. She had seen 19 beautiful summers; she was a gem of a girl—a regular darling. Both her parents were dead, and her uncle, with whom she lived, was dean of Magdalen College, and one among the most indulgent of old gentlemen. "Well, it was just 27 years ago, and Christopher Lund was the poorest

undergraduate. So poor that the chapel mice shunned his scanty apartment and ran frightened into their holes at his approach. Yet by his pen he managed to maintain himself at college and in a large measure helped to support an invalid sister at an incurable home in Wales. He was a quiet, earnest, honest fellow, and we all pitied him, and, without his knowing it, helped him in a hundred little ways.

"Next to my room and domiciled in luxury lived young Tankerville, the Croesus of our college. His father's inheritance had but fallen to him some months before and he deserved it. He was a capital fellow, large hearted, empty headed and brimful of sport. His pocket-book was ever open.

"It was one of those sultry July mornings at the date referred to when Lund, Tankerville, myself and five other chums stood under a broad tree near the main gate of the new Botanic gardens. Through the branches and short shrubs we could all but see the college bridge. We had turned out for an airing that morning. Cigars were lighted and anecdotes of interest were being told, when suddenly the conversation turned and the subject of our remarks became the belle and 'first lady in Oxton.' " "Hold I cried Tankerville, pointing in the direction of the bridge. 'Why, there she is. Speak of an angel and—' " "She rarely ever appears," I rejoined.

"I glanced at the speaker and said: 'Strange, Tank, that no man seems to have ever approached, much less attempted to woo, Lady Mand.' " "She is proud," returned Tankerville, and his eyes dropped a little. Brightening up, however, he looked in the direction of Lund, and with the faintest twinkle of the left eye, exclaimed with emphasis: "A thousand to five that not a man in Oxon will kiss Lady Mand without offending her."

"I'll take your wager," replied Christopher Lund, quietly, "and what is more, will accomplish the feat publicly and within 50 minutes." "I need not say how the boys stood apart and gazed at Lund in utter wonderment. There was silence but only for an instant longer. Tankerville and Christopher shook hands. Lund for a moment scratched his forehead, and, half soliloquizing, said: "But where to raise the £5?" "Oh, Chris, never mind that," we all said in one voice. "Here, old fellow, we'll lend you the sum."

"Within three minutes later our plans were completed. Tankerville and your humble servant were to follow Christopher at a safe distance, while he was to approach Miss Mand Cavellers midway up the Ifley road. No sooner said than done. The other fellows agreed to remain in the shrub garden, and more than half an hour smoked, chatted and speculated wildly as to Christopher's venture. We walked leisurely behind while Lund bounded forward with a light step. For fully quarter of an hour all was suspense. Our heroine had advanced far ahead; but Christopher was quick in his movements and presently was within a few yards of Lady Mand.

"We saw him gracefully remove his cap and walk to her side. Lightning like we observed her draw up and face Lund as if in indignation. As watchers only, myself and Tankerville were too far behind to overhear anything. In less than an hour, however, the latter soon became convinced that he had lost the wager!" "Her account, months afterward, of the little episode of the July morning was touching. I shall never forget it. In her own words, softened occasionally by a smile, she said:

"Mr. Lund, on removing his cap, bowed low and said: 'Madam, you are a lady; I am a gentleman. As such, the laws of etiquette forbid me to approach you without due introduction. When, however, you have heard my speech, I knew full well that your mercy and gentleness of spirit will suspend all law in my behalf. A wager of £1,000 has this day been laid that no man in Oxon will dare approach and tender you a kiss without giving you just offense. I have undertaken to succeed and my claim upon you are these: I am the poorest among the poor law students at the college. I have an invalid sister at home in Wales. Her life hangs on a thread, and £1,000 may aid in sparing her to me. I love her with a devotion that exceeds desperation, and should she die I feel that my life will be a blank.'"

"Of course I allowed him the kiss—an act which he performed with a grace I shall never forget. On hearing his tale, and as his lips pressed my cheek, I felt a tear quivering beneath my eyelid. I turned quickly to brush it off and the young man was gone. The wager, you say, was well won. And now, Mr. Clifton, you know the rest. My Chris is to-day the dearest, and gentlest, and amongst the most unselfish of husbands."

"Boys," said Paul Clifton, drawing himself up, "my story is told: My old friends is no more a struggling law student. His sister lives and is in joyous health at this hour. Lady Lund leads our best society and is adored by poor and rich. And Christopher, why, he is not less a person than the squire of—well, you fellows never mind where."

The Evil Effect of Good Fortune.

"Greater virtue is necessary to support good fortune than to sustain misfortune."—La Rochefoucauld.

When ancient Rome was in its infancy, and surrounded by enemies seeking its destruction, the citizens had to defend their possessions sword in hand, but they were united, and consequently happy. "Then none were for a party. Then all were for the state: Then the great man helped the poor, And the poor man loved the great: Then lands were fairly portioned: Then spoils were fairly sold: The Romans were like brothers In the brave days of old."

But "a change came over the spirit of their dreams." Rome waxed great; her enemies, one by one, were conquered or destroyed, and she ruled the world. That was "the commencement of the end." Her citizens grew indolent and insolent, and by and by the nations whom she held in subjection rose in revolt, and the Roman Empire melted like ice exposed to the sun. A great many individuals are very like the Roman Empire. So long as they have to struggle to gain their ends, they are obsequious to those who can help them, all smiles and soft words. But their ends once gained there is often a sudden change. Those that helped them are considered useless and are thrown aside like broken sticks, and their former help disowned. Of course that if not pleasant, but it is the way of the class of individuals of whom we are treating. Their good fortune has turned their heads. It requires a strong head to stand on the roof of a high building and gaze down into the street, and every body does not possess a head sufficiently strong to do so. Neither does every body possess a mind sufficiently strong to stand good fortune with dignity. It makes no difference in what shape said good fortune comes, wealth or influence, 'tis all one, they go striding along in their borrowed plumage seeking admiration. And they get it until their shallowness is found out—and sooner or later it is found out—and then they are sent back to the obscurity from which they ought never to have emerged.

True success in life is gained by hard, slow and patient labor. Quick success is apt to turn the heads of all of us and make us conceited. When we shoot up into fame and renown like a rocket, we should beware lest after a brief blaze, we come down like the stick. All may seem to favor us, but in a moment our helpers, disgusted by our conceit, may refuse to help us any longer, and then it is all up with us. Anbury, who blew the bellows of an organ in church once said to the organist, "We made very good music to-day." "We!" was the reply. "You had nothing to do with it. It was I who played and made the music." Next time there was to be music in church the boy stayed away and the organist found to his cost that without the bellows his best could be no music. A leader is necessary, of course, but followers are too; a leader without followers is as useless as followers without a leader, and while a man who leads deserves credit still if he does not divide it with those who helped him gain success, the next time he wants help he may not get it. He has only himself to thank for the refusal of his friends to help him, if when his ends are gained, he disowns their help. They would be very foolish to do so, if, when he had no need of them, he abused them by way of thanks. His motives are purely selfish. He does not care for the work; all he cares for is his own glory. It would not hinder the work, whatever it may be, to refuse to follow him; some other and better leader will be sure to appear. "Tis the work, not the agent, which counts. If the work

is good, it will go on. As fast as one leader is tried and found lacking in the necessary qualifications, another will appear, and the work will go on. EDGAR RAVENSWOOD.

Rowing a Gondola.

A letter from Venice to the Memphis *Avalanche* has the following: It was the first evening I was in a gondola, and, after admiring the skill and ease with which the gondolier manipulated his oar, I was struck with the idea of attempting the feat myself. Nothing looked easier than, to imitate that swarthy Italian, to stand up on the rear end of the gondola, and dip the oar in and out of the water.

"You look tired," I said to the gondolier; "If you like you may rest awhile and I will row for you."

Had I offered to stand on my head and walk to Milan the man could not have looked more astonished.

"You, signor?" he exclaimed; "why, you couldn't even learn to stand up here under two months."

"Pooh," said I, "I have rowed boats on the Mississippi—from Memphis as far as Hopefield. Do you think I don't know how to work this lumbering thing on the smoother waters of Venice?"

The gondolier smiled a very unsatisfactory smile.

"Ah, buono—good signore. I take you where you have nice swim. Signore, you take clothes off."

This was consoling advice to a confident oarsman, not very flattering to my pride, still I thought I might as well follow his advice; so he slowly paddled me over to the lagoons between the cemetery and Muran's. I divested myself of all clothing and prepared for a first lesson in the Venetian style of gondoliering. As I have said, it looked to be the easiest thing in the world. The gondolier stands at the extreme end of the long, slim boat, and the oar rests in an oar lock that stands up from the deck a foot or eighteen inches. There is nothing to hold the oar in the lock, but this I did not notice until I tried it myself. It stayed there so quietly and pleasantly as long as the Italin was at the stern that the idea never entered into my head but that it belonged there and stayed of its own accord. Woful mistake.

I had scarcely taken position on the stern of the boat and made my first stroke when the oar flew out of that lock in a miraculous manner, that I am to this minute unable to understand, and I flew out of that boat into the water. Then it was that I thanked the gondolier for his timely warning and advice. The knapsack traveler does not carry with him a very extensive wardrobe, and had I fallen into the water with my clothing on I would have been in a very bad plight indeed. As it was, I swam around awhile, had a good bath, then climbed into the gondola, and tried it over again, and with the same result. A third and fourth attempt proved no more successful, and finally I came to the conclusion that gondoliering was not as easy as it looked, and so dressed myself and turned the oar over to the proper hands.

How a rascal was freed.

The Duke of Ossone is celebrated for the many quaint judgments and decisions delivered by him while Viceroy of Naples. Some of them seem actuated rather by a spirit of pleasantry than by one of justice. One day the Duke had to choose a galley slave who should be liberated in honor of some great festival. He went on board one of the galleys, and, standing in front of the first bench of rowers, six in number, he began to question them all as to what had brought them there. The first one bragged himself by calling God as a witness to his innocence and protesting that he was there for no reason at all. The second said his punishment and disgrace were the work of his enemies, and not the consequence of any crime. The third protested that a crying injustice had been done him by his being sent there without any trial. The fourth said that the lord of his village had become enamored of his wife and had caused him to be sent there out of the way. The fifth declared that he came from the hamlet of Somma, and that he had been implicated in a robbery there in which he really had had no part at all, and that all his neighbors would bear witness to his honesty. The sixth, who had observed that all these excuses and justifications did not seem to please the Duke, took a different tone. "Your Excellency,"

he said, "I came from Naples; and though the town is a large one, I do not believe that it contains a greater scoundrel than myself. They have been merciful to me in only sending me to the galleys." The Viceroy looked at the man keenly for some moments, and then, turning to those in attendance upon him, said: "Let this scoundrel be released from his chains; he will corrupt all those honest men." Then he presented him with some money to provide himself with clothing, and besought him to try and live a better life in the future.

Facts in Law.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Contracts for advertisements in Sunday newspapers are invalid. Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Agents are responsible to their principals for errors. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

A note given by a minor is void. Notes bear interest only when so stated.

It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received." A note drawn on Sunday is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker. He must pay it.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

Where Plants Originated.

Peas are of Egyptian origin. Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. The nettle comes from Europe. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The citron is a native of Greece. The pine is a native of America. Oats originated in North Africa. Rye originally came from Siberia. The poppy originated in the East. The mulberry originated in Persia. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia. The sunflower was brought from Peru. The walnut and peach came from Persia. The horse chesnut is a native of Thibet. The cucumber came from the East Indies. The radish originated in China and Japan.

The Old Story.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF AN EDITOR'S POPULARITY.

My son, if I should publish a daily paper for twenty years—if you can just strain your credulity to the point of believing that I could keep a daily paper going longer than six weeks—if I should publish a paper twenty years, and in all that time taken occasion to mention you about twice a week as "our distinguished fellow townsman" and "that eminent man of letters and merchant prince," and should say every time you crossed the river on the ferry boat that you had "departed" for the East, and when you came back I should notice that "our justly popular fellow citizen" had "returned," if I should in all those years praise your dog, your horse, your goods, your wife and babies, your clothes and your character, and then some day, when I was away attending a convention, my local editor should call the attention of the town marshal to the filthy condition of the street and side-walk in front of your stoop, would you ever forgive me? Would you? You would denounce the paper as a "scurrilous sheet, and

its editor as a "lying scandal monger that ought to be whipped out of the community." That is the reason, my son, why there are but two kinds of editors. One is a meek, smiling, timid little scrivener, who pays all the bills and allows his neighbors to edit his paper; and the other is a truculent, loud-voiced savage, who viciously scratches out the nice little personal the local editor has written about your arrival home, and sends it in—"By some inscrutable decree of a stern and relentless Providence, old Jake Diffebaugh has been permitted to come back home alive," and then meets you at the head of the stairs with a bootjack and pounds the top of your head in when you come to see about it.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Transatlantic Voyage.

ON BOARD THE OREGON—FIRST SIGHT OF LAND—LIVERPOOL IN BRIEF.

Once upon the broad ocean, with the ship's prow pointed for Liverpool; once tossing upon the uneasy billows, with the "uneasy" sensation at the pit of the stomach, it is needless to say that we had a good voyage. The Oregon, burning three hundred and twenty-four tons of coal per hour, and with her sails rigged most of the time, carried us across the Atlantic in a little more than six days. It seems strange for a school boy to write about a sea-going voyage across the ocean, with Europe for a hunting ground. It can never be a small affair to an over-worked (?) school boy. The wonder to some passengers is that people will insist on cooking and eating when they feel as if they can never be hungry again. How strange it seems that these smiling creering stewards, with their arms piled up with dishes, should not be tempted by the richness of the food, to try their own appetite. How uncomfortably kind for the captain at the head of the table, and the pursuer at the head of his, and the doctor and chief steward, and the table waiters, even to the cabin boy, to take a warm interest in the "appetite" none of the JOURNAL readers have. The meals and privileges on any of the Cunard steamers are appreciated by almost every passenger. Every body on a steamship is apt to make friends. It seems to be the rule for women, who go down to sea in great ships, to disguise themselves in ugly and unbecoming apparel, which would be a hard thing to test their beauty. I made the acquaintance of a lady at our left, reclining in her steamer chair, wrapped up to her neck in rugs. She wrote, "No, indeed, I don't think you would know me on Broadway. I am not such an awful fright when I am at home, but at sea, you know, we must look frightful. It's the thing." That, I think, is an explanation which explains, and it makes us anxious to meet these disguised fairies on Broadway, or if fortune so directs us to their homes, where they will appear in all their loveliness.

The only place which utterly beggars description on board the Oregon is the smoking-room, where smoke, coffee and cocktails are found, and a "friendly game of draw poker." We will say all men on board of our voyage were equal, except those who bet on the wrong card. We had warm and pleasant days most of the trip, except with a slight gale on the third day, which blew off the main trying sail. Such as have already been informed, were found almost the same on each day.

Saturday morning, however, we were told land would soon be in sight. It was seven o'clock, just as Old Sol was ready to give us a cheer. Ireland was seen, and in an hour a panorama of beautiful Irish scenery swept into view; a yacht here and there lay at anchor, and a soft, bluish mist hung over the waters in front. Everybody were apparently in exuberant spirits, and none were more frisky than the steerage passengers, whom we were made aware that they could find better quarters on land. The boat still sped on till Queenstown was reached, and a steam tender got aside of us, and passengers for the land of ire were taken aboard. It was not more than an hour when Oregon resumed her way, and left us once more upon the broad ocean for a few hours. We saw a small strait of land far in the distance—northern part of Wales. It was now quite dark. The ship still sped on till we got into Liverpool, at half past nine o'clock. Nothing could be seen, save the lights of the city and the shippings. Passen-

gers were landed on the following day, and were immediately directed to the Custom House, where passengers' baggage were broached. It is a miracle to say ours were not examined. We do not know. Presumably deaf-mutes are trusted in Liverpool. On the contrary, we had two boxes of cigars in our baggage, which is one of the principal articles to be paid on duty. We take the pleasure to copy a part of the list of the principal articles on the notice, which reads: "Tobacco, cigars and snuff. Gold and silver plate. Eau-de-cologne and spirits of any sort. Extracts of tea, coffee, chicory or tobacco, and foreign reprints of British registered copyright works are prohibited, and if found will be forfeited. The introduction of merchandise in baggage is prohibited." These articles to be paid on duty seems funny after all. We did not notice any thing against carrying dynamite in her Majesty.

We have been only two days in Liverpool, yet it is no good. Those who know we are here are apt to think that we have seen the city at a glance. This is not so. It will take some time to do it. We do not feel anything like living in New York. Liverpool is so much inferior to it. If we want to go to a certain part of the city, the elevated railroads won't take us, for there are none.

Our journey by water is now over, and we are sure everybody will be curious to know, and we regret to say that we have not seen any ocean monsters, and have not experienced any sea-sickness yet. More anon.

Kalamazoo.

During the holidays, four of the voiceless Kalamazoochoites were down to Goshen, Ind., to cheer up their old-time friends, by the names of Berryman and Wayer. A good time they had, which was very pleasantly spent in games and social conversation. On the way back to their city, they stopped at Bristol, at the residence of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. George Neff, the parents of Mrs. Sarah Hayes and her brother, Charles Neff, where they spent a very Happy New Years Day.

A Mr. Weater, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, and who has been sticking to his farming interests, in Constantine, Mich., with his grandfather for the past eight years, made us a short but pleasant visit in Bristol, Ind., while we were en route back to this city. We also called upon his new acquaintances of Goshen. He is now expected to return to his home duties in the spring.

Henry Eberly has been doing pretty well at the shoemaker's trade. The firm for which he is employed is well known in Kalamazoo for thirty years, while his darling lady helps him piling more money up by turning tobacco leaves out for the enjoyment of all the chivers and smokers.

Mrs. Sara O. Hayes, nee Neff, a graduate of the Indianapolis Institution, has been at the home of her father, Rev. Mr. Neff at Bristol, ever since New Years. Mrs. H. is an accomplished needle woman, and makes glad the heart of her mother by her assistance in the home circle.

Mrs. Robert F. Clark, of Vicksburg, with her youngest boy, Mrs. Osborne and Mr. Owens, of this city, spent the evening at our home, on the 1st inst. Three of the party could hear and speak, but seemed to enjoy themselves in our mute circle, and all were very pleasantly entertained until the time came to disperse for home.

Mr. Charles F. Popendick, a native of Kalamazoo, left last September, with his family, to accept a position in the well-known firm of Popendick & Co. boot and shoe manufactory, at Homer, Mich. Success to him.

Toboggan making has been a lively industry at the furniture factory, where Mr. Geo. Hayes has been for the past two years a "Jack at all trades." The factory is about to be converted into a thrashing machine factory.

Mr. George Hayes removes this week to No. 518 Ransom Street. Frank M. Hayes leaves this week for Goshen, Ind., where he will take the shoemakers' bench again. Mr. H. is an excellent citizen, and we wish him and his ladylike, refined wife, a large share of prosperity and happiness in their new home.

Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, held an interesting service in the Parish House, adjoining the new St. Luke's Church, on the 11st inst. He expects to have a confirmation service at the same place in the near future.

KALAMAZOOLOGO.
2-16-86.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Rates of advertising made known on application.

The following is taken from an English paper, and has reference to a "commission of inquiry" recently appointed to investigate American methods. There is about it a certain tone that would convey the impression that little good is expected to come from the investigation. We do not know how it will be so far as educating the blind is concerned, but feel sure we can give them points on deaf-mute education.

"No one will regret the enlargement of the scope of the Commission on the Blind, so as to include an inquiry into the condition of the Deaf and Dumb. The Commission, as thus enlarged, will, it is officially announced, investigate and report upon the condition of the blind, the various systems for their education—elementary, technical, and professional; the employment open to and suitable for the blind, and the means by which education may be so extended as to increase those qualified for employment; and will also investigate and report similarly as regards the deaf and dumb. On the first blush of the question it might appear that, in one form or another, we know all that there is to be said on the subject. No experiment. It may be urged, can be tried in any part of the world with a view to improving the education and the skilled training of the blind, deaf, and dumb, without the result being made public within a few weeks or months. True, however, as this may be, the fact does not relieve the State from the responsibility of collecting and collating this scattered information, and of helping those who are engaged or interested in the work by placing it within their reach in an acceptable form. An inquiry conducted under the authority of the State can cover a wider field, and be more searching and exhaustive than it is possible for one directed by individual enterprise and liberality; and though, therefore, it may be true that there is nothing essentially new to be learnt as to the education and training of these painfully afflicted classes of the community, it is well that we should have a really authoritative statement as to the results most recently attained. It is marvellous what has been done. When we contrast the education of the blind, deaf, and dumb now with what it was still in the full vigor of life, we cannot but be struck with the improvement which has been effected. Instead of being mere idlers in the household, drones in the busy hives of industry, they have been trained to contribute to their own maintenance, and there are few suffering from these dire afflictions who cannot do something to interest themselves, and, where necessary, to keep themselves. If we have not been unable to give eyes to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb, we have done much to bridge over the chasm which formerly separated them from the enjoyments of life. The blind have been taught to read, and their store of literature is yearly increasing. The deaf have been trained to substitute the eye for the ear; and the dumb have been educated to understand speech, and to make themselves understood by speech. We have cause to be thankful that so much has been done; there will be still greater cause for thankfulness if more can be accomplished."

We trust our correspondents will excuse any delay in attending to their communications, as our attendance at the Boston entertainment given in aid of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund has left us with just time enough to scribble this before going to press. We are happy to say, however, that the affair in Boston was a success, and in next issue a complete report of the proceedings will appear.

RAILROAD RECORD FOR 1886.

VICTIM NO. 8.

A little deaf girl, named Marie Javerick, of Omaha, is the eighth victim of the locomotive, since the beginning of the present year.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTE. FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Charlie Ed. Steinwenter, of Indianapolis, Ind., will make a visit to his friends again in Western Indiana, Feb. 27th.

Martin D. Krendosky and his friend, Fred D. Spafford, recently went to Penfield, N. Y., to see their old classmate W. H. Bidwell. They had not met for seven years.

Mr. John A. Hall, East Whitehall, N. Y., who was confined to the house some time ago, by a severe illness, said to be better, is now very low with no hopes of his recovery.

At a house in Detroit, on Tuesday, February 9th, Bishop Harris administered the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation to a deaf-mute lady, who was seriously ill. Rev. Mr. Mann interpreted.

Baron Leon de Lenzval, of Nice, has offered a prize of 3,000 francs for the best and most convenient adaptation of the microphone for the improvement of hearing in cases of partial deafness.

The credit for the success of the recent debate between Brooklyn and New York, belongs to Messrs. Stengle, Godfrey and the other member of the Committee on Debates of the Brooklyn Society.

Charles Fox, of New Mexico, Ind., will arrive at Indianapolis in a few days, on a visit to his friends, and take in the theatre at the Grand Opera House. The mutes will be glad to meet him once more.

At the last meeting of the Brooklyn Society, the following Committee of Arrangements of its third annual picnic and festival was selected: Henry Stengle, Chairman; G. L. Reynolds, Jacob Swartz, Henry Clackett, and Robert Patterson—Cor.

Mrs. A. L. Barker, of Edwardville, Kansas, and her brother Albert Benson, of Louisville, Kentucky, who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Frank Hesse, at Indianapolis, Ind., for several days, returned to their homes in the first of the week.

On Saturday evening, February 13th, after the regular monthly meeting of the German-American Society of deaf-mutes had been dispensed with, the President, Mr. John Kuss invited a few of his personal friends to celebrate his forty-fourth birthday in the Society meeting room. The evening was spent very pleasantly in the shape of congratulations, and other speeches appropriate to the occasion, and after this, the health of the host was drunk, more speeches were made, mostly referring to Mr. Kuss and the forthcoming picnic, which every body present seemed to enjoy, until about half an hour before midnight, when the guests departed for their respective homes, carrying with them a very pleasant evening. It is not necessary to mention the names of those who were present as space will not allow it.

The German-American Society of Deaf-Mutes which was organized about a year ago, has at present fifteen members with a fair prospect of having more and which is growing in strength, and financially, and will give its first annual afternoon and evening picnic at Sulzer's Harlem River Park, East 127 St. and Second Av., Saturday, July 10, 1886. A committee of Arrangements has been appointed by the President, but as nothing as yet has begun, further notice will be given to the readers of the JOURNAL as soon as possible.

Listened With Their Eyes.

About thirty deaf-mutes gathered in St. John's chapel last evening for services, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Mann, an episcopal clergyman of Cleveland, O., and himself a mute. The sermon was evidently of an interesting nature as the small congregation gave the strictest attention to the minister. Of course the service was confined to the sermon and silent prayer. During the service the notes of the great organ in the church proper came faintly floating into the chapel. The few present there who were blessed with their faculties, heard the music, but the rest were oblivious to the sweet tones, other than the musical vibrations. The congregation was as well dressed, bright and intelligent looking as any audience ordinarily seen.—*Detroit Tribune*, Feb. 8.

Mr. Kerney's Reply.

It was with sorrow that the deaf people of Indiana have generally been impressed that we "attacked" them wrongfully, which is emphatically contradicted in our communication, as the whole matter was purely one of friendship and duty to save Indiana from perpetual disgrace, which statement deserves almost any other title than that of "attack."

It is a matter of pride to learn through the JOURNAL that the people have at last waked up to the fact that there certainly was never a more shamefully mismanaged enterprise than this. Moreover, they are to be congratulated that they have begun to manifest liberal and pleasant feeling to the enterprise—by taking up the matter in earnest. As it is not too late at present, so our suggestions as to the most practical way of raising funds are that the general agent shall appoint assistant agents, and that he shall mail circulars to the deaf-mutes and the parents and friends of the pupils in every part of Indiana. Now we speak in the most hopeful manner that the agent and his assistants will at once do everything in their power to raise such a handsome sum to be of—forward which the silent world is earnestly looking.

In reply to Charles E. Steinwenter whose article appeared in the last issue of the JOURNAL in a more manly manner than that of "Ancient Pollywog," who defended himself under the shield of his *nom de plume*, we de-

sire to say a word. Now we reply to "Ancient Pollywog," who says that we "should have attacked the agent only, or given him advice, or taken a more manly manner of stirring them up." 1st. That we should not be misunderstood, let us repeat a paragraph from our last letter, which says: "We are UNWILLING to say that the deaf-mutes of Indiana are the most ungrateful and stingy on the face of the earth [according to the idea of the people at Washington City since they were reminded that they contributed to the Garfield Fund the smallest sum in comparison with those of the other States], but we have a right to demand what has become of the agent appointed for Indiana by the National Deaf-Mute Convention at New York City. He may have put aside his duty, but it is a wrong waste of the country's time in view of the notorious fact that the public project suffers from neglect." 2nd. The agent has already been advised several times through the earnest appeal of the executive committee in the JOURNAL. 3rd. The committee have "taken a more manly manner of stirring them up," yet they have always failed to respond promptly and, practically to their appeal—even without a word of encouragement.

As to the silent population of the State the United States Census at the Capitol is too carefully recorded for Mr. Steinwenter to correct. We are perfectly right that the agent sent the Treasurer of the Fund only \$3.30, while the remainder (\$1.50) was raised from Indiana by a student at the College. The correspondent pretends saying "that they have not had sufficient time to solicit subscriptions," when he knew that we have already waited too long—in fact, ever since the meeting of the National Deaf-Mute Convention at New York in 1883. Again he pretends saying that they were not animated and aroused into speedy action toward the erection of the Gallaudet, simply because Indiana was not represented on the Committee, which mistake the editor of the JOURNAL has already corrected.

Mr. Steinwenter has circulated a report that the deaf-mutes of Indiana were ignorant of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and his services in the interest of deaf-mute education, he has been guilty of bearing false witness against his neighbor and of uttering a libel against the people of Indiana that is atrociously false. It is a libel whose mendacity is equalled only by the ignorance of the utterer. He has deliberately made a statement that is unqualifiedly false, and he is guilty either of modesty or of ignorance. If he was really ignorant of what he was talking about, it was his duty to have informed himself—a duty he could have performed very easily—thus adding inexcusable recklessness to his statements. If it was deliberate mendacity, he should at once betake himself away from the state he does not scruple to utter such gross untruths about. In either case, the statement indicates that he is a man utterly indifferent to facts, and consequently unworthy to be a citizen of the State he stigmatizes so unjustly.

In spite of the fact that the Indiana Institution has been degraded from one of the best educational departments to one of the worst of late years, when the storm of political fury overwhelmed it, the entire population of Indiana, as a rule, can justly claim to be the most intelligent community in the country. Of the silent population is this emphatically true, since the State has more scholars graduated at the National Deaf-Mute College than any other State. No State in the country, in the world, can show among her silent population a loftier grade of intelligent culture than are possessed by the deaf-mute population of Indiana. That the people were ignorant of Dr. Gallaudet and his services is undoubtedly Mr. Steinwenter's own imagination. But no matter what the circumstances were that caused him to make the statement, his utterances are sufficient to forfeit any respect people may have heretofore had for him, and in the name of common decency he ought to go away from a place he has so unjustly and falsely maligned.

Yours respectfully,
CHAS. KERNEY.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

A party was given in honor of Miss Florence Slifer's birthday, on February 6th, 1886. She is five years old, and is the daughter of Mr. George Slifer. Mr. Slifer lives with his parents. The affair was an enjoyable one, the little Miss Slifer receiving a number of nice presents. Fifteen (15) children attended the party. The names and ages of those present were as follows: Wilmer Paul, ten months; Charles P. Slifer, three years; Herbert Paul, three years and four months; nice book, Anna Alexander Houston, three years and eight months; pretty cup, saucer and plate, and card, Florence Eggert, four years; beautiful card, Florence Lower, four years; two white handkerchiefs, Florence Slifer, five years; Lottie Heilman, five years; china-dog, Edna Stevenson, five and half years; Luella Harvey five and half years; pail, brush and iron, Lillie Lower, seven years; bisk ornament, Ella Keyser, seven years; nice collar, Harry Lower, nine years; good card, Emma Lower, eleven years, gay, white dress. Every child was presented with a pretty basket of fancy cakes, mixed candies, nuts, apples, bananas and oranges by Mr. George Slifer. The invited parents and friends, speaking and deaf-mutes present, were as fol-

lows: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Slifer, Mr. George Slifer, Mr. Louisa Liebrandt, Mr. and Mrs. M. Querner, summer white dress, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lower, Mrs. Eggert, Miss Mary Slifer, Mr. H. S. Stevenson and sister Georgie, Mr. W. Houston, Mr. Chas. Hoffman, Miss Louisa Leher, Miss Emma Moore, hand-knit collar, Misses Louisa Reider, Clara M. Keyser, Carrie Holmes, Messrs. Chas. H. Shaarar, Patrick McDonnelly, Edward Wilson, James Mallon, Con Walicks, Henry Beidler. Guests were served with cake and lemonade by Mrs. Querner, Misses L. Seher and E. Moore. In addition, Mr. Geo. Slifer gave a nice magic lantern exhibition, which was much enjoyed by those present.

Mr. Joseph J. Stevenson died on the 9th of February, aged 57. He was buried in Monument Cemetery at Philadelphia, on the 12th of Feb. He was graduated from the Philadelphia School. He had been sick and helpless in a bed for some months. Some of the persons attended the funeral. Had it not been raining perhaps more would have been present. He was a Christian man. May he rest in peace.

President E. M. Gallaudet, of the Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., lectured in the Institution for deaf-mutes in Philadelphia, on the 19th of February. His subject was a "Pack of Cards," and proved an interesting one. About four hundred deaf-mutes and one hundred and twenty-five speaking people attended.

Mr. Washington Houston moved a vote of thanks to President Gallaudet and Principal Crouter, which was adopted. Principal Crouter, of the Deaf-Mute Institution was interpreter. Chairman Elwell also occupied the platform. Price of admission was 25 cents, to aid in erecting the monument to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Chairman Elwell has been assisted by committee, Messrs. Robt. Ziegler and Wm. Cullingworth, who have worked hard, and deserved the thanks of all deaf-mutes. After the lecture, six bright deaf-mute pupils rendered a hymn in concert.

Elmira and North Elmira.

On Wednesday evening, the 17th inst, the deaf-mutes and other friends from surrounding towns went by invitation, to the house of Mrs. James Quinn, mother of Mr. Pat. D. Quinn and his sister Mary in North Elmira, to enjoy a very social time, which was in all respects an excellent affair. Lots of fun and jokes were humorously gesticulated. We regret to have lacked one amusement which has not been encouraged—"love making" in consequence of the fewness of young ladies, though they enjoyed themselves as much as they could without having their hearts pierced by the arrows of Cupid. But we dare say that one of the deaf-mutes who hailed from the country somewhere near Addison, had his heart sorely wounded by being "mashed."

After partaking of the supper at 11 o'clock, which was served in the most creditable and bountiful manner, they retreated to the parlor where they participated in very delightful entertainments until the dawn. The party scattered to their homes one by one or in groups, expressing many thanks for the hospitality of Mrs. Quinn and her sons and daughters. Among those (deaf-mutes) presents were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Dougherty, of Canadaigua; Mr. Jos. Finnican, of Addison; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Skinner; Mrs. Joshua Skinner; Miss Nellie Bennett and Messrs. A. Christ, E. H. King, William Walker, Fred E. Coke, and others. Speaking persons present: Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Sly, of North Elmira; Chrissdom Quinn; Miss Susan Quinn, of that town and Miss Annie Bennett, of Elmira.

Mr. Pat. D. Quinn is still working as head surveyor in the saw mills. His brother Chrissdom is elected by the people as Chief of Police. Their mother is proud of them, as Jupiter was of Castor and Pollux. Quinn Bros. are suitably called "Castor and Pollux," but are not twins.

Fred F. Coke, who removed to Elmira with his folks last year, is doing well at cobbling. His brother Willie ought to be sent to some deaf-mute school, as he is young and half educated. Is it a general rule that deaf-mute scholars who have removed from other states to N. Y. State are not permitted to enter the deaf-mute schools of that state? It is a pity to lose three long years of study, the best of this life—by no unavailing change of residence.

F. H. King, who has been suffering with facial paralysis, is much better. The meeting of the Jumbo Club took place this week and the following officers were elected: President, Gus Christ; Vice-President Mrs. Jesha Skinner; Secretary, F. H. King; Treasurer, Pat. D. Quinn; Sergeant-at-arms, William Walker. Adjourned till April.

Mr. C. D. Newton, of Richford, N. Y., was here last week with his wife, who had been for a week attending her sister in sickness.

2-20-86.

AJAX.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa. spent two happy weeks in Wilmington visiting her dear friend Miss Sarah J. McClure. She also attended, and was very much interested in Rev. Henry Ryle's service for the deaf-mutes, on last Wednesday evening.

Mr. J. F. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I., will wed Miss Ida Nicholas, of Pawtucket, on March 24.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Cremating Mechanics.

MINOR PARAGRAPHS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The students turned out in force this evening to pay the last honors to the Juniors' departed friend, Mechanics. As this was not done last year, because some of the Juniors had not taken leave of their friend (?), the classes of '86 and '87 put their shoulders together to get up a demonstration worthy of the great departed. The following notice appeared on the bulletin board this morning:

"Important Notice."

"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now."

The last sad rites will be paid to our dear departed friend, yeopet Mechanics, at 7:30 p.m., this evening. The classes of '86 and '87 extend a cordial invitation to the various members of the Faculty and their families as well as to the students at large to witness the exercises, which will be held in the Lyceum, and of which the following is the program: Oration, by Mr. A. F. Adams, '86, Mortuary Ode, by Mr. G. W. McCarthy, '87.

The exercises being concluded, the body of the great defunct will be borne to the mighty funeral pyre prepared for it, and after being sprinkled with "Sabeen incense from the spicy shores of Araby the blest," and bedewed with our tears (?), it will be consigned to the clutches of the fire fiend.

Oh, Examination! where is thy sting?

Oh, Mechanics! where is thy victory?

Per order of the classes of '86 and '87.

J. H. DUNDON.

Master of Ceremonies.

At the appointed hour the students assembled in the Lyceum. Shortly after, the coffin with its precious contents was brought in and placed near the platform. The Juniors had dressed up the effigy in a very respectable suit of clothes, with glossy collar and cuffs, white gloves and shining boots much as he looked during life. A copy of his favorite text book was placed on his breast under his clasped hands. The Seniors and Juniors, acting as chief mourners, occupied seats nearest the coffin. Mr. Adams delivered the funeral oration about as follows:

"Friends, Americans, countrymen, lend me your ears—no, your eyes. I come not to bury Mechanics for he is soon to be cremated—but to praise him. Who will affirm that Cæsar, great conqueror though he was, ever conquered Mechanics? If Cæsar deserved praise, why not Mechanics!—Bear with me; my heart is in the coffin there with Mechanics, and I must pause till it come back to me. [Tears] We have all met with one or more of his brothers, belonging to the great family, Mathematics. The youngest is Arithmetic. From him we learned that if mother gave us two apples and we took one from our little sister, we would have three. The second of the family is Algebra. He taught us that $x-y+z=x-y$, and any number of equations; but we never found what equalled algebra itself in complexity. [Tears] From the third brother, Geometry we learn that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and in attempting to prove it we often get stuck in the mud. The fourth brother is Trigonometry, by which we estimate distance, and calculate time. On a pleasant summer's day, the student who has fairly mastered this subject, seeing from his window a party of young ladies approaching the College, is able to calculate how soon they will reach the gate, and by that time he is seated under a tree, and has his surveying instrument ready for operation. [Tears] But these brothers are mere pigmies compared with the stalwart mechanics whose body lies before us. It was our bitter experience to encounter him without help, and although we conquered, he left his mark, not on our person, indeed, but in the College records, a mark, we believe that looks something like a 13.00. We learned from him that we must depend upon ourselves to beat him; and also that we are not so smart, as while conceited Sophs, we thought we were. [Tears] You, who have not yet encountered him, do not fondly imagine that because you now see him dead you will escape him. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." Mechanics cremated, will rise again from his ashes, and make it as hot for you as we will soon make it for him. So, now, show him no disrespect, but unite with me in showing him all honor, and in wishing peace for a while to his ashes. [Tears.]

Junior McCarthy then read the following, which he had written specially for the occasion: Ode; on the cremation of the mortal remains of Doctor Dana Slocus Mechanics, February 20th, A.D. 1886.

"Thou art gone from the class-room—we no longer behold thee,
Nor the devious curves which thy projectiles made,
The many gates of Shool have opened to unfold thee,
And Juniors may smile since thy spirit was laid,
Thou art gone to Tar—yet 'tis best to be evil,
Perchance thy grim shadow may still linger near,
May thy velocity be accelerated down to the devil,
Eat of the eye that grows dim o'er thy bier."

The casket was then taken up and a ghost-like procession of white robed

students escorted it past the Faculty residences to the cornfield where a pile of hay and wood were in readiness to complete the work and furnish the students with a pleasant bonfire during the cold evening. A pound of gunpowder, secreted in various parts of the body, accounts for the bright flashes that once in a while made the burning heap as bright as electric light.

MINOR PARAGRAPHS.

Pres. Gallaudet went to Trenton, N. J., business; lectured in Philadelphia last evening, and returned this morning.

Mr. Bryant, our instructor in drawing, is making a short visit to Boston on important private business!

Mr. Chickering, the younger, will celebrate Washington's birthday in the East.

A son of Dr. Ellsworth of Hartford is visiting at Dr. Gallaudet's.

Mr. Cloud, '86, will teach a Sunday School class of deaf-mutes at Ascension Church on Sunday mornings.

Not many valentines were received this year, but those that came were neat and pretty.

A large number of Students attended the exhibition at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium Tuesday evening. Our club class had been invited to assist in the exhibition, and made a fine showing.

Our own gymnasium exhibition will be held next Thursday evening, and invitations have been sent out. Prizes will be given as in former years, but those who have won prizes cannot compete for the same again.

At the last business meeting of the Literary Society, Mr. E. A. Hodgson was elected an honorary member; and it was decided to send copies of the Society's constitution to the leading deaf-mute literary societies; and to allow members to send copies to honorary members, if they so desire.

We take the following from the Art Notes in the *Evening Star* of Feb. 13: "At the Barlow Gallery, Mr. A. D. Bryant has lately placed on view a series of water color drawings which possess a decided historic value as well as considerable artistic merit. They are seven in number and portray the scene of some of the hardest fighting of the two Bull Run battles. To all interested in matters relating to the late war they will prove an entertaining study, while those engaged in the contest on either side, will be especially glad of an opportunity to examine such graphic reminders of the late bitter struggle."

The avalanches that slid down the roofs of the college building after the late snow-storm, tore down several of the lightning rods.

Two of our active youths while trying which one could get home the sooner after the cremation of Mechanics, found themselves suddenly checked by a clothes line. Court-plaster is at a premium.

At the meeting of the Literary Society last evening, Mr. Gross, '88, gave a well prepared essay on Printing, "An Art preservative of all narts," which has neglected to preserve an authentic history of its own beginning. The debate between Messrs. Hofsteater and Bush for the affirmative, and Messrs. Long and Regensburg for the negative side, on the subject, "Resolved, That the best solution of the 'Eastern Question' would be the formation of a new empire out of the remnants of Turkey in Europe as it existed at the beginning of the present century," was decided for the negative. What would be a better solution we do not exactly know; but it seems the problem is likely to remain unsolved for sometime yet. The dialogue between Messrs. Thompson and Tracy, entitled "Going Abroad," had for its central idea the difficulty of establishing a deaf-mute school in Africa. Mr. Boland closed the exercises with a vigorous declamation of a Spanish war song.

The Reading Room had received a photograph of the Pas-a-Pas Club. Though it is not supposed to make the room a picture gallery, a subscription has been raised to procure a frame, and the picture will be hung in a suitable place.

Monday being a holiday, various places have been arranged for spending the day. A large number of the students will visit the St. Elizabeth's Insane Asylum (we hope, not to stay), and those pupils of the Kendall School who do not go home will be given a sociable by the matrons.

It may have been our fault this time; but if, in our last letter, we wrote that Mr. Berg lectured about the voyages and explorations of Walter Scott we certainly meant Raleigh.

FRANK FRYXELL.

Feb. 20, '86.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

March 7th—Cleveland.
" 10th—Cleveland, Ash Wed. nesday.
" 14th—Columbus, O. Confirmation.
" 15th—Portsmouth, O.
" 16th—Cincinnati, O.
" 17th—Dayton, O.
" 21st—Indianapolis, Ind.
" 22nd—Jeffersonville, Ind.
" 23rd—Delphi, Ind.
" 28th—Detroit, Mich.
" 29th—Saginaw City, Mich.
" 30th—Bay City, Mich.
April 4th—Pittsburgh, Pa. A.M. Confirmation.
" 4th—Pittsburgh, Pa. P.M. Service.
" 4th—Birmingham, Pa. P.M. Service.
" 5th—Beaver Falls, Pa.
" 11th—St. Louis, Mo.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Eight sheep herders on a ranch in Valenciana County, New Mexico, had a fight with Apaches yesterday. All the herders were killed.

An interesting discovery is reported from Faversham, Kent, England. In the course of some excavations for brick earth in the Field, near that town, a collection of old coins and other valuable relics was discovered. Among the articles are two large gold pendants, one of which is set with garnets, two large silver brooches, also set with garnets, a buckle set with three stones, a quantity of beads, quartz, a ring, and a sword. Similar discoveries have been made in the same field on previous occasions during excavations.

It has just leaked out that the President was quite sick and laid over a fortnight ago. He was taken with a severe bilious attack upon Friday, and was not able to attend to his regular work until the following Tuesday. It so happened that the days when he was sick were those when he has not been in the habit of seeing visitors, and so his sickness was easily kept secret. The President will have to take care or else he will break down as Arthur did. He takes less and less physical exercise and has begun even to give up his carriage rides. He has not been out riding for nearly a week. His close confinement to his work and his lack of exercise will tell upon even iron health. The recent bilious attack is evidence of that.

The funeral of the late John B. Gough will take place in Worcester, yesterday, and was strictly private. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: Charles H. Morgan, Dr. Homer T. Fuller, Samuel E. Hildreth, Edwin T. Marble, Henry M. Smith, Edward Whitney, George L. Newton, Horatio B. Lincoln, of Worcester, and William Noble, of England. Rev. H. S. Kinsall, formerly pastor of the church in Boylston, officiated. The body was buried at Hope Cemetery, New Worcester. Mr. Gough's estate is estimated at less than \$75,000. He leaves a house and 200 acres of valuable land about six miles from Worcester. His library is valued at \$2,000. His property will yield his widow an income of \$2,500.

An international exhibition of pictures will be held in Berlin the coming autumn, opening probably late in August. Prof. Carl Becker, who is prominent in its management, has written to a gentleman in this city asking the co-operation of American artists. It is not definitely known as yet whether the expenses of shipment will be paid, but in all probability the Prussian Government, who have assumed charge of the exhibition, will appropriate sufficient money to defray the cost of the coming American pictures to and from Berlin. It would be well for the artists of New York to immediately appoint a committee to take charge of the matter, and if it is done without delay American art can be well represented.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes: "The Chinese are dismissing many of the Germans in their employment for some reason which is not quite clear. During the war, the Chinese were a large number of German naval officers were under Admiral Sebelin; besides these nearly a hundred others were engaged in various military capacities. Captain Lang, the English officer who commanded Li Hung Chang's fleet, thought himself bound to re-tire during the war, and his place was taken by Sebelin. But the order has now come forth that the Germans on Li's fleet, including the Admiral, are to be sent home and their places taken by Englishmen. It is quite certain that the Viceroy has been forced by the British Government to do this, for his own confidential advisor is a German, who is even on the watch to improve the interests of his countrymen."

Is the Probate Court on the 23d, the will of the late Mrs. Ellen Townsend, sister of the late Christopher Townsend, formerly of New York, was probated in New York. Both Miss Townsend have a wide reputation for philanthropy. The latter established and endowed the Newport Free Library, and the former's death secures to that institution, which is patronized during the summer by many New Yorkers, a large amount of money. By Miss Townsend's will several New York institutions will be benefited. She directs that her fifteen-acre lot of land on Reservoir road be sold at once. This will realize at least \$15,000. Of this two fifths is given to the American Bible Society, New York City, and the other three fifths to the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City, and the American Tract Society, of No. 150 Nassau Street, New York. The sum of \$2,000 is given to the Home for Incurables, which is under the patronage of the Bishop of Rhode Island. Miss Townsend gives to the City of New York her handsome home on Broadway for the use of the board of trustees of the High School endowed by William Sanford Rogers, of New York, to the extent of \$100,000, and also gives to the city about \$15,000, the income of which is to be used in instructing deserving boys to learn useful trades.

Braddock, Pa.

A birthday surprise party was quietly arranged to take place on Saturday evening, February 13th, it being the 40th birthday of Mr. Samuel Davidson, of Copeland Avenue, who is one of our native and respected citizens.

The surprise was most complete, he knows nothing of it until his home was filled by his friends. He was obliged to submit, however, while Mrs. Davidson gracefully sustained her part by serving refreshments. The order of the time seemed to be "to laugh and grow fat, and all left in good humor, wishing Samuel many more happy birthdays."

The decided stand taken by the President with reference to the enforcement of the eight hour law, has been the subject of much favorable comment among members of Congress. Members on the Labor Committee have received, and are still getting a good many letters from persons interested in the betterment of the laboring classes, congratulating them on having the hearty and earnest co-operation of President Cleveland's administration. The eight hour law is but one of the means to reach this result, but it has been a dead letter thus far so far as being an advantage to labor. Whenever it was enforced it merely cut down the pay with the hours. The President voiced the intention of Congress, when he said it was to give a full day's pay for eight hours' work. Laboring men's societies all over the country have been sending telegrams, praising the declaration of the President Cleveland.

GEN. BRADDOCK.

FANWOOD.

In Honor of George Washington.

THE GRAND BAL MASQUE.

Some Who Were There, and Other Items.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

There is not a day in the school year that the pupils look forward to with as much enthusiasm as the 22d of February. It is not only their aim to honor the immortal George, but to demonstrate their ability in getting up an entertainment that displays their artistic conception to its fullest advantage, independent of aid. Such an affair necessarily requires a month or so of preparation, and in great secrecy. For some time past a spare room was monopolized by the girls, who barricaded it against the curious with the notice that to poke in their nose they were to beware, or feminine vengeance would pursue them. With the boys it was different. There was not so much mystery hanging over a particular room, but they really did want a great way towards the success of the day which is our intention to give in detail.

At the morning service in the chapel, at nine o'clock, the programme was similar to that held in previous years, which consisted of prayer by Dr. Peet, a text, signing of "America" in concerted signs, and anecdotes told by Mr. Mann, Walter B. Peet, Prof. Currier, and W. F. Durian, of the Peet Literary Society. J. B. Lloyd, as Gen. Washington illustrated the capture of his false friend, (U. G. Dunn) by his soldiers, which created no end of amusement.

The principal event of the day was naturally the Masquerade Ball, which, like the success attendant upon similar occasions that have already passed into oblivion, was a drawing card to many outsiders, principally friends and relatives of the pupils, teachers, and officers, and old graduates who are generally early arrivals.

We will not bore the patient reader with the weather, for it was all that could be desired in February, and by seven o'clock there was quite a large throng of visitors filling up the spacious halls and parlors. Then the maskers make their appearance. Still they multiply until the halls are full of moving grotesque figures, varying from a fairy to a devil and other hideous looking objects. Now they form into pairs without knowing who they are escorting, and march in the girls' sitting room where the other pupils and visitors are in waiting. The grand march was successfully managed by Walter B. Peet, and led by his brother George. Then it broke up, their masks were removed, and no longer were these blithe and merry figures a mystery.

The room was decorated with flags of our nation, and at one end was a large charcoal drawing, about 10x15 feet in size, representing George Washington astride a snow-white charger, by C. T. Thompson, and an emblem of war on one side, and peace on the other, which lent the room a very attractive appearance. The costumes were varied, quaint, and in some instances expensive. It is no little surprise to know that most of the costumes worn by the young ladies were made by themselves, through the patient management of Miss May Martin, who, it is our duty to say, is deserving of all the praise that can be bestowed on her. She was also greatly aided by Miss Georgie Decker, who likewise has a claim on a share of the praise. Below we give the names of those who participated and the character they represented.

THE GIRLS.

Mabella Fish, with wax doll, disguised herself as Virginia (colored nurse) and Baby Washington, who is announced as the "grandfather of his country," as "the child is father to the man."

With independence in her bearing, and with a step that was calm and proud, Myra Croak was Independence Day.

"Three Cheers for Old Ireland," exclaimed the sons of Emerald Isle, as Annie Kugler passed their notice as Mrs. St. Patrick's Day.

Almeda Austin said she was Miss Harcastle. We hope she'll hold the fort.

Martha Hamilton, represented as the Queen of May, with four little maids of honor just in the bloom of years, Misses K. Ottmer, A. Judge, Koblenki and F. Curci, made the hearts of the happy throng beat for the Arcadian days of May.

A pretty Gipsy fortune teller was Annie Austin. She is well versed in the art, and insisted on telling every body's fortune. No one could refuse her bewitching smiles, and ten cents a piece was insignificant. It all went for "sweet charity's sake."

Invincible Georgie Decker, in a very pretty Normandy peasant costume, had many admirers.

Miss Edith Austin was attired in a pretty and becoming costume.

Bertha Vogel, (and afterwards at the well), was refreshing to look at, and was, in a great

measure, the cause of the "boom" at the lemonade stand over which she presided.

Cupid's darts flew like hail. Kittie Logue, as St. Valentine's sister, was very becoming as that personage. The dark complexion of Ella Taylor was harmonious with her sable costume of Night, and there could not have been a better personator.

We thought fairies were obsolete, but Cinderella was there in the person of Mary Long, whose charms were well adapted for such.

As Boile of a By-gone Age, Jennie Lovell, had a contempt for the belles of the present day.

The character of Edith Ryer was Marguerite, and was a daisy, so the gentlemen said.

Miss Mary Martin was Evacuation Day and carried a broom which proved a formidable weapon to all Britishers as she relentlessly chased them from the room.

Miss Cullen disguised herself as a Quakeress in a manner very creditable. Katie Hunt, as Artist, displayed her artistic ability to its fullest advantage.

Miss Hatch, of the 67th Street Institution, as Polish Princess was superb.

Carolina Peterson proved to be Mrs. Balochristie, and did herself justice. S. Marks was little Miss Liberty.

A music player filled the room with sweet strains from a tambourine. It was M. Donohoe.

Corra B. Flint, as an æsthetic young miss was the acme of bliss.

May Martin looked discreet in her Easter costume.

Rachel Gantz wore an Italian costume that the natives of Sonny Italy would envy.

Miss Brinck, a graduate of the 44th Street Institution, was as vivacious as could be in a Pink Domino.

Martha Hasty, in the disguise of a Hornet, didn't sting anybody. Though they are dangerous things to argue with, a discussion with her was the pleasantest kind.

Edith Averill acted her part gracefully in the character of Lotto.

Agnes Craig, in tasteful attire of Mistress Christmas Day, was winsome and gay, and as she tripped about, there was a jingle, jingle, jingle from the bells which she wore.

With expectation in her eyes, little Johanna Zettel was Night Before Christmas to perfection.

All Hallows Eve—Minnie Flint, attired in a becoming Scotch costume, was charming.

Annie Rinneberg was a good looking rustic lass. Had the laddies from our rural districts seen her, it would have been a case of love at first sight.

Willow, tit willow, tit willow, sighed Jennie Richter as Peep Bo, but Nanki Poo was nowhere to be found.

A lovely looking Jockey turned out to be Katie Baldwin.

Amelia Antush's smiles dawned on every body's vision. She was Dawn.

Ida Atwell was Dolly Varden in a Dolly Varden dress.

Lillie Davenport, in the character of Bohemian flower girl, blushed like the red, red rose which she carried in her basket, as she was eyed by the man of worldly pleasure.

Minnie Palmer, representing the Alphabet, reminded us of the time when we were knee-high to a grass-hopper.

Nellie Long wore a Swedish costume made by Madame Nordin, of Sweden, and was the exact representation of a dress worn by that country.

Katie Kilroy, a Quaker Maiden, glided through the merry throng.

Little Henrietta Anderson looked exactly like the Red Riding Hood told in our story books.

THE BOYS.

The following are the list of characters represented by the males, the honor of such being due to the committee, Messrs. J. B. Lloyd, U. G. Dunn, and C. T. Thompson, whose untiring efforts it is needless to say were fully realized.

Looking like a modern Croesus, George T. Fisher called himself a man of worldly pleasure.

A savage looking Indian flourishing a tomahawk and dancing war dances with a whoop, whoop, was young F. Turner.

March, march, marched W. Watson in the uniform of a 16th Regiment soldier.

Gibson McConnell was a drummer boy, and headed the procession.

Richard R. Tweed represented a clown of the base ball arena.

Jno. Stanch was a funny looking clown, and divided the honors with R. Tweed.

Joseph Glosque was a page, but whose page we are unable to say.

Messrs. Lyons and Haight appeared on roller skates, and made everybody's sides ache with laughter, but afterwards the former was an ebony colored son of Africa, and the latter a Mexican outlaw.

J. W. Jaynes, as a flagman, bore the nation's stars and stripes.

E. Whalen had on a very nice looking costume, and called himself Lover of Liberty.

F. Penrose was the dashing Prince of Wales, which character he well represented.

J. Mooney walked to and fro in the garb of a Minute Soldier.

F. J. Redington, was Punch, but where was Judy?

A frightful Pawnee Chief was discovered to be S. B. Edwards, who was minus his tribe.

C. Koenig was the ambitious young Benny Franklin.

G. Hamm, a devil, and F. M. Honeck, a saintly looking Pope, were in striking contrast with each other.

C. Thompson succeeded well as Baby Jumbo, which character was difficult to represent.

F. Wankowski was a Spanish page. "Me ish a little Dutch boy, you doeh not know me name," repeated C. Kiesewetter.

H. Zorn was exactly what he used to be—a Silly School boy.

T. Morrisse was a baker.

H. Broad, as Red Gnome, was fearless.

R. H. Grant represented a tiller of the soil from our rural districts.

L. Strophe and F. McMickle were two burly policemen, and made more disorder than peace.

S. Edwards was an ugly looking Sioux Chief.

Probably the most odd and laughable looking object of all was a mammoth bison, in which Chas. Mull and Wm. Hanson took part.

P. Battered personated an Irish dude, and had one eye on Mr. St. Patrick's Day.

As Blacksmith, E. A. West reminded us of "The Village Blacksmith" so vividly produced by Longfellow.

If the celebrated Charles Darwin was present, he would undoubtedly have found the "missing link" in the person of J. McKeeran.

H. Hanneman performed the role of Othello with the grace described in Shakespeare's play.

A. Salmond, in the disguise of Green Devil, probably accounts for roughs and rowdies who were present and bent on making mischief.

George Wormeth was a dude, though he hardly needed any costume other than his own every-day clothes.

Theodore L. Lounsbury was a German emigrant, lacking customs, manners and etiquette, and seeming bent on being an Alderman in the time of a future Jake Sharp.

"Aquila," shielded from recognition in an Oxford Don took it all in.

Such an affair cannot be exaggerated. To excel in the ambition of the sons and gay daughters of Fanwood. What has hitherto been grand and successful in the annals of the school they try to go above it, and this time it was marked by something which cannot go without passing notice.

It was the notice "Lemonade five cents a glass," and "fortune told for ten cents in aid of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes." The handsome sum of \$12.35 was realized.

Thanks are due Misses Vogel and Lang for serving the refreshing beverage to the thirsty, and also to Miss Annie Austin, who sacrificed much of her pleasure in telling fortunes, and all for "sweet charity's sake."

If the ball was kept up all night it is evident that she would have realized many more dollars. And too much praise cannot be given to the young lady members of the High Class, who proposed the lemonade scheme, and carried it out so well.

The only fault was the crowd, which was so great that only a few sets of Saratoga Lanciers could be formed.

At ten o'clock the lights were turned down, and the masquerade of 1886 was over like a dream.

To note down all the names of the visitors is almost next to impossible, but we give a few names.

Mr. and Mrs. Haight, the millionaire deaf-mute of Goshen, N. Y., Mrs. Roberts, Ray, L. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Harlem; Mrs. E. A. Hodges and her brother, Mr. Ehrlich Jones, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Genet, his daughter, Miss Genet, Mr. and Mrs. William Porter, son of our late Superintendent, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. H. F. Brownlee, Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, Mr. Jones, Mr. Downs, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Valentine, Misses Mary Kelly, Katie Shute, Kinney, Finn, Mr. and Mrs. Austin and daughter Edith, Sondberg, Maggie Jones, Brinck, Loomis, Natalia Richmond and friends, Allabough, Ballin, Cappelli, Thomas, Lounsbury, Sonweine, O'Brien, Donnelly, Donohue, Reilly, Bothner, Mr. Sweeney and daughter Lavina, other members of the Brooklyn Society, Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, Galland Club, New Jersey Deaf-Mute Association, and so on too numerous to mention.

ITEMS.

George T. Fisher received a pleasant call from his Elmhurst cousin and uncle, last week Thursday.

Wm. F. Durian returned last Monday after a two months' "sojourn for fat" in the city. A pair of infant Vanderbilt side boards have made their appearance since his absence.

Supervisor Thimmes's vacancy is filled by Mr. Corrigan, a young gentleman hailing from the State of New Jersey.

We almost forgot to mention that the ancient looking files which have hitherto kept the illustrated papers together, have been supplemented by the latest modern improvement in the shape of book-covers. The papers can be fastened one after another as strong as a bound book. Rates have been enforced which forbids the taking of periodicals from the library without permission of the librarian.

The following was taken from the Gospel Messenger, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Dr. James C. Carson, of whom it has reference to, was for over a year our Superintendent. We congratulate the idiots upon securing so good a man.

Most residents of Central New York are aware that there is in Central City an institution for the feeble-minded, and one known as the Asylum of Idiots, but a few of them can give as well acquainted with its great dimensions and its interesting and merciful benefactions as a visit there on Thursday of any week might make them. It is a close financial and administrative relations with the State government, depending largely on the Legislature for its annual supplies, and having the supervision of them now, situated on a commanding plateau on the west side of Syracuse, with its adjacent and well tilled farm, its numerous staff of teachers, helpers and laborers, peculiar interior appointments and soliloquy and worship, its two depart-

ments of inmates, the one including about three hundred and fifty feeble-minded children in all degrees of mental deficiency, and one known as the County Poor House where many of them had become mothers of illegitimate and idiotic children, and is constantly increasing resources of the public charities of the country. No description can convey any idea of the relief and consolation it affords to hundreds of distressed parents. After witnessing some of the touching and wonderful fruits of the tender care and patient instruction in the school-room, a witty clergyman was heard to say, "It makes me feel as if I were the fool myself." A marble tablet is about to be placed in the hall of the main building by the trustees, but furnished by Mr. Frisbie, one of their number, a Syracuse chorant to the memory of Dr. Harvey E. Wilson, the distinguished philanthropist, founder and first Superintendent. The last Report, an admirable paper in every respect, was presented by his able successor, Dr. James C. Carson, last month, in the Executive Chamber at Albany. Among other instances of advance in this modern Christian institution made of the inmates of instrumental music both as an entertainment and as an educational assistance.

Misses Ida Montgomery, Elizabeth Mitchell, Myra L. Barrager, Prudence Lewis, Jennie Williams, George Decker, May Martin, E. H. Currier, W. G. Jones, W. A. Emmons, U. G. Dunn, J. H. Goary, P. Mitchell, R. Tweed, G. Wormeth, Geo. Fisher and the writer were present at the debate at St. Ann's, last Thursday evening.

Joseph Sonneborn and his sister Henrietta, accompanied by Miss Frances Walker, a very pleasant hearing lady, were shown around the Institution by Miss Lewis and Prof. Fox last Friday.

Prof. Gamage went with a party of excursionists to Greenwood Lake to skate on the 22d. On the return trip, an accident happened to the car in which he was in, by running off the track where there was an embankment. Mr. Gamage was cool and crawled out of the car window without sustaining any injury. It was a perilous moment for him, and he is to be congratulated on his escape.

Little Rosa Lavandowski, a twelve-year old girl, died of diphtheria at the Cottage Hospital on Wednesday, February 10th, which is the first death in the Institution for nearly three years. Her remains were carried to Trinity Cemetery in a hearse, followed by two carriages containing Dr. P. et, the principal, Mrs. Henry, the matron, Miss Lewis, the assistant matron, her devoted teacher, Miss Barragher, her faithful nurse, Miss Smith, where she was interred in her last resting place. On the following Sunday, in the presence of the pupils, officers and teachers. Dr. Peet preached a most effective funeral sermon, which was made impressive by the signing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by her playmates, by Misses Gray, Palmer, Gibbs, Zettel, Judge, Curci, Otmer, Ogle, led off by Minnie Flint. Their ages ranged from six to nine years.

T. L. Lounsbury was a helping hand in the printing office last Tuesday.

AQUILA.

INDIANAPOLIS.

A few mutes on South Side assembled at the beautiful residence of our friend, Charlie Ed. Steinwenter's half-brother, on College Avenue, Tuesday evening last, to tender a surprise party to Charlie, as it was his twenty-third birthday. The party remained up until nearly midnight, and the mutes reported they had the nicest time that they ever had. They presented Charlie with an elegant pair of silk worked opera slippers, which gladdened his heart. A splendid supper was spread with several kinds of refreshments, and every thing passed off pleasantly, and all invited mutes were present and returned to their homes. Wishing Charlie many more happy birthday anniversaries. May he live long and prosper.

We regret to learn that our old friend and classmate of Jerome E. Brown, who left here a few years ago, for the West, is not located at Belmont, Kansas, where he has purchased a large farm of 160 acres. He writes from there that his health has improved since he left Indiana.

Walter Peck is now a widower. His wife has gone to Terre Haute, Ind., her former home, to visit her parents, and will remain several weeks. We wish her a pleasant visit and a safe return.

Miss Mollie Leppert, a student at the deaf and dumb Institution, spent last Sunday at home with her mother on South Side. She returned to school the next day.

The ungratified but intelligent mutes on South Side, are thinking of holding a committee meeting sometime next month, for the purpose of organizing a skating rink of their own, and we hope they will make this purpose successful.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stevens, nee-Williams, of Cario, Ill., are visiting Mrs. Steven's parents at New Britton, Ind., for several weeks.

A crowd of South Side Mutes were at the opera house last Saturday night, and had an enjoyable time.

Feb. 18, 1886.

Traffic of Broadway, New York.

Four men were recently stationed at Fulton street and Broadway, to count the vehicles passing through Broadway at that point from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M. The total number was 22,308 for the period of 11 hours—about 2,000 an hour, 33 a minute, or 1 every two seconds. The largest number of any one kind of vehicles was of single and double trucks, 7,384; the smallest number was 2, these were ambulances. There were 3,390 single and double express wagons. The 2,300 stages and 1,002 cabs were next in order of quantity, peddler's wagons, numbering 938, produce wagons,

446, rag trucks 375, carriages 354, coal carts 324, and the vendors' wagons 300. Then there was a drop to hacks, 288, and butcher wagons, 223. The variety of vehicles was striking, there were 80 kinds according to the schedule. Private carriages were engulfed in 150 ash carts; 2 ambulances and 3 funerals made a melancholy showing amid the 73 loads of dead hogs, the 64 garbage, and 73 dirt carts.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, an ALPHABETICAL order of a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhring, President; Henry Hoeyel, First Vice-President; Chas. E. Green, Second Vice-President; G. L. Roy-nolds, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Robert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is in care of H. L. Juhring, 171 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Thos. Grady; Vice-President, Frank B. Shattuck; Corresponding Secretary, Martin Armstrong; Recording Secretary, L. C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy. Divine services first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 a.m. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 8th St., San Francisco, Cal. Corresponding and mutual friends are cordially welcome.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. The Union meets every Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to John O'Brien, Corresponding Secretary, 320 Broome Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at Anderson's Hall, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 p.m. John Hahn, President; Phil Thumson, Lick Run, Cincinnati, Secretary. His address is Oberlinville, Fortmore Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., in the lecture room of the Church of the Resurrection, Fifth and Locust Sts., Philadelphia. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, last Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Chas. Shattuck is President, and Daniel Paul, Jr. is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPER CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 1240 North Broad Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Applications should be made to Mr. Edward J. Carr, President pro tem, 2106 Somerset Street, or Rev. E. V. Loretton, 1240 North Broad Street.